

# MERCURY.

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## In the Heart of the Rose.

Do you think that I dreamed it? I do not believe I did, it was so real; but it all came by means of a rosebud—a great waxy bud that was neither pink nor yellow, but a blending of both in richness and beauty. The petals lay over each other as if they bore love one to the other, holding each other caressingly. The stem was a reddish brown, and the few leaves upon it were rich and crisp as velvet. It seemed to expand into a world, which opened for me to enter. It was a world all by itself. There was no sky, but a wonderful Light stretched away and away, without end; and there were people. I suppose they were fairies, but they did not seem to be. They were moving about, and were so happy that they seemed to me happiness itself; so beautiful, they seemed beauty itself. One, more stately than the others, seemed to be their queen; but all were so gracious that I took them all for queens. The air was like music, full of rich color and rare melody. There were deep lakes of water, so clear that to look into them was to look into a depth of diamonds, and, as the dear people plunged into them, the spray filled the air with refreshment.

“Oh, mortal, wherefore dost thou visit us?” a voice said close beside me. I looked, and saw standing beside me, a maiden, beautiful as an angel. I cannot tell you how coarse and mean and uncouth I felt beside her, but I bowed low in reverence before her, unable to say a word.

“Wouldst thou visit our realm?” Again she spoke, and I bowed in acquiescence.

"Follow me," she said, in tones of rarest melody.

"To enter our land thou must leave thy dark garments behind thee," she said.

Then a door opened into what seemed a magnificent grotto. I was at once surrounded by hundreds of youth and maidens, all beaming upon me so lovingly that in my joy I forgot myself, and lo, I found my body had become as theirs! Lightness, airiness filled me! My whole being was joy! My garments were as theirs, and I felt that my face shone as theirs did. Then I saw it was their shining that made all of the wonderful light in the place.

But greater marvels were yet before me. A chariot of pearl-shell, drawn by three white horses, suddenly appeared, and my guide indicated that I was to enter. I could see no gearing about the horses, and no way by which they were attached to the coach. "Love's labor is free," said my guide; and I knew she had divined my thoughts. I entered the beautiful coach, the inside of which was pearly satin, soft and downy. The steeds moved rapidly, but noiselessly, with their necks proudly arched.

Such avenues as we passed through! Foliage, delicate and many-colored; vistas of clear lakes, with twining plants and flowers on their banks; dainty birds flying and filling the air with melody. My own feelings were in keeping with the surroundings. As this thought came to me, my guide spoke, as though my thought had been uttered.

"Yes, it is out of the heart that all beauty and loveliness come. We make the world in the likeness of ourselves."

As she finished speaking, we turned up a long avenue, at the end of which I began to catch glimpses of a white castle; but it was like a dream castle, with towers and minarets and arches, in a light softer than moonlight, and as rare as the after-glow on the mountains. Now doves flew down to meet us, and then turned and led the way through a great archway into an open court, where fountains played in different colors, and where I thought a grand orchestra must be playing, but soon discovered the sweet music to be the merry voices of children dancing in and out among the porches of the court.

Noiselessly the coach had moved, and as noiselessly it stopped. The steeds moved of their own accord to some resting place, and many hands reached out in welcome to my beautiful guide and

myself. Everything was done so graciously! There was no tumult, no indecision, but all moved as by one impulse.

We were conducted up the steps through open portals, past deep chambers, each like a gem of beauty, to a large place—I can scarcely call it a room, it was so large—and at one side, seated under a canopy that seemed made of woven sunbeams, was the stately creature whom I had before recognized as the queen. She arose with a charming smile, and as she did so, the whole place was flooded with music, so rare that mortal sense cannot dream of it. While she did not speak, I seemed to drink a message from her thought, and it was this:

“Mortal, we have shown thee the heart of our kingdom, that thou mayst bear the lesson back to thy dark world. Thou hast seen that Peace and Love are the true monarchs, and that where they reign there is no darkness. Thou hast seen that Joy dwells where there is no selfishness; and that the mystery of life is to be sought for no farther than in Truth, that is the Heart of the Rose.”

The message ceased, and I was sitting in my chair before the grate with the beautiful rosebud in my fingers. I looked at it reverently. I knew that what I had seen and heard was true, and I felt that I must tell it to you, that you might resolve to journey with me to the beautiful land that is the Heart of the Rose.

“How shall we go there?”

I think we must take the Heart of the Rose into our hearts; that we must let Love and Faith and Peace become alive and grow in us; and we may do this by using the little love that we have to make some other one happier; by using the little faith we have in being faithful and devoted to all that is true; by exercising the spirit of content; and so shedding a spirit of Peace about us. And, above all, by always turning to the Master within us, that his will may become active in us.

—*Lydia Bell.*

It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived; for otherwise whatsoever is new is unlooked for, and ever it mends some and pains others, and he that is holpen takes it for a fortune, and thanks the time, and he that is hurt for a wrong, and imputeth it to the author.

—*Lord Bacon.*

## The Four Levels.

The First good Level is RIGHT DOCTRINE. Walk  
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;  
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;  
In lordship over sense.

The Second is RIGHT PURPOSE. Have good-will  
To all that lives, letting unkindness die  
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made  
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is RIGHT DISCOURSE. Govern the lips  
As they were palace doors, the King within;  
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words  
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is RIGHT BEHAVIOR. Let each act  
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow;  
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads  
Let love through good deeds show.

—Edwin Arnold, in *Light of Asia*.

## The Sleeping Beauty.

A long time ago, when the world was much younger than it is now, it was the custom of wise teachers (and they were very wise in those days) to illustrate their teachings by pretty stories—allegories, fables, myths. Sometimes the story hid the truth, and only the clever ones were able to find it. You know precious things are often hidden away. Gold and gems do not lie open to view on the sides of the mountain. They must be sought for, dug for, worked for. Just think how long it took to discover the secrets of steam! How long Mr. Edison and Mr. Tessler are to-day trying to find out the secrets of electricity!

“All precious things discovered late  
To those who seek them issue forth.”

It is only to-day that we are beginning to find out the wonderful truths told in the stories of the Bible; in all stories, in fact, that come to us from the far-off time when the world was young.

Now, of all the precious lessons taught in fairy story and legend by these wise teachers of long ago, the most blest is that which tells of a Divine Soul asleep in the heart of each one of us.



The mighty sorceress, Maya, holds it there by force of her spells—the spells of sense life. Such is the true meaning of the stories of enchanted princesses held captive within a fairy castle. The beautiful princess is the Divine Soul. The conquering prince is any youth or maid whose Energetic Ego is energetic enough to seek the Sleeping Beauty; who is brave enough to surmount the obstacles, face the dangers; powerful enough to fight the genii standing between him and his Divine Soul; and then wise enough and pure enough to know how to break the spells of Maya and waken the Sleeper to love and life. Many try but few succeed.

Perhaps the prettiest, and certainly the most familiar of these stories is the one known as "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." You remember how the wicked fairy put her to sleep, and with her all her Court; how a dense wood grew up all around the castle, hiding it completely from view; how an impenetrable undergrowth of creeping vines and thorny brush made it almost impossible to make a path therein. Did the thought ever occur to you that this wood is ignorance, and the thorns and vines the prejudices, fears, foolishness and superstitions that spring up in the forest of ignorance? But the true prince walks through the wood undaunted, undismayed.

The story, as generally told, leaves out some very important facts about the methods used by the brave fellow to find the princess. He did not find the wood by chance, nor in a day. I must say here that he had learned of the existence of the Sleeping Beauty from the songs and carols of the birds. When he first began the quest, he saw rise up before him a series of hills or levels. He knew he must climb them. Now, these levels had strange properties. When the traveller reached the first level, he found himself able to perceive truth from falsehood, right from wrong, wisdom from foolishness. As he looked out from this height upon the land, he knew at once whither led the roads that crossed the country in all directions. Some lost themselves in swamps; some came up to a fence or to a dead wall; others lost themselves in pleasant meadows, others in busy towns; and, as he looked, he saw that some went round in mazy circles, touching at many places but leading to nowhere in particular. He saw, too, that the road he had travelled led up the mountain and away on the other side into another country. When he reached the second level, the prince was filled with joy. He felt himself at peace with all crea-

tures, even with himself. He paused here to rest. Soft strains of melody floated through the air; they swelled into wonderful harmonies. Melody and harmony filled his heart. He felt himself strong to dare, strong to love. From that time the music in his heart guided him, sustained him.

On the third level, he grew wise of speech; he learned words of magic might.

The fourth level revealed to him the enchanted wood. More, he caught a glimpse of the castle which held the Beautiful Sleeper. Yes, and he saw the path which led straight to the castle. It was a very different path from that which he had mapped out in his mind before he climbed the four levels. It lay in an entirely different direction. He understood at last why so many brave princes had fallen, had dropped in the roadside, or turned back in despair. They had not climbed the levels.

On he went, singing with the music in his heart, until he reached the wood. Ah, but it was thick and dense! However, he clearly perceived the path. It was thorny and rough. Strange animals glared at him; but he did not fear, for had he not learned the Master Words of Wisdom: "We are of one blood, you and I?" The might of these words—the might of sympathy—changed the enmity of the animals into friendship. They helped him in many ways; they trod down the thorns for him; they cleared a passage wide and free.

As he goes on, the "magic music in his heart beats quick and quicker." He enters the castle, but he does not stop a moment even, strange as are the sights. He seeks only the One. The music in his heart leads him to the Beautiful Sleeper. He stoops over her, marvelling at her beauty. The music in his heart bids him kiss her. The kiss is the symbol of love. Love alone can wake the sleeping soul, "for love in sequel works with fate." Love, and love only, is the true magic. Tennyson has given this lovely story in "The Day Dream." MERCURY'S boys and girls should learn to recite it. The story has a message for everyone. It tells of genius dormant in the brain; of goodness asleep in the heart; of the ideals of liberty, of happiness, spell-bound in death-like sleep by the genie Self. It tells of the Divine Soul slumbering in each one of us, waiting for the kiss of love. The Sleeping Beauty waits for us. Let us brave the wood and the thorns; let us seek till we find; then with her we shall go, "into that new world which is the old."

—*Marie A. Walsh.*

## Crystals.

Crystals are the flowers of the mineral world. But we know much more about flowers. Flowers of garden and hillside seem so much nearer to us than these relatives of the rocks. Yet crystals are our relatives, distant it is true; they need only to be known to be loved.

MERCURY'S young folks will certainly read with pleasure a story from the pen of the celebrated John Ruskin which we will call

### THE COURAGEOUS CRYSTAL.

"It is seldom that any mineral crystalizes alone. Usually two or three, under quite different crystalline laws, form together. They do this absolutely without flaw or fault, when they are in fine temper; and observe what this signifies. It signifies that the two or more minerals of different natures agree somehow, between themselves, how much space each will want; agree which of them shall give way to the other; or in what measure each will accommodate itself to the other's shape; and then each takes its permitted shape and allotted share of space; yielding or being yielded to, as it builds, till each crystal had fitted itself perfectly and gracefully to its differently natured neighbor.

But the crystals do NOT always give way to each other. They show exactly the same varieties of temper that human creatures might. Sometimes they yield the required place with perfect grace and courtesy; forming fantastic but exquisitely finished groups; and sometimes they will not yield at all; but fight furiously for their places, losing all shape and honor, and even their own likeness, in the contest.

Good crystals are friendly with almost all other good crystals, however opposite their habits may be; while wicked crystals quarrel with one another, though they may be exactly alike in habits, and see each other continually; and, of course the wicked crystals quarrel with the good ones. The good crystals, however, do not get angry; they attend to their own work and life; and live it as well as they can, though they are always the sufferers.

Here, for instance, is a rock crystal of the purest race and finest temper, who was born in a very bad neighborhood, and he has had to fight with vile calcarious mud all his life. See here, when he was but a child, it came down on him, and nearly buried him;

a weaker crystal would have died in despair; but he only gathered himself together, like Hercules against the serpents, and threw a layer of crystal over the clay; conquered it, imprisoned it, and lived on.

Then when he was a little older, came more clay, and poured itself upon him here, at the side, and he has laid crystal over that, and lived on in his purity. Then, the clay came on at his angles, and tried to cover them, and round them away; but upon that he threw out buttress crystals at his angles, all as true to his own central line as chapels round a cathedral apse, and clustered them round the clay, and conquered it again. At last the clay came on at his summit, and tried to *blunt* his summit; but he could not endure that for an instant; he left his flanks all rough but pure; and fought the clay at his crest, and built crest over crest, and peak over peak, till the clay surrendered at last; and here is his summit, smooth and pure, terminating a pyramid of alternate clay and crystal, half a foot high."

"What a dear, brave crystal!" Let us imitate.

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"Oh soul of the spring time, its light and its breath,  
 Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death;  
 Renew the great miracle; let us behold  
 The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,  
 And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!  
 Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,  
 Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,  
 And in blooming of flower and budding of tree  
 The symbols and type of our destiny see;  
 The life of the springtime, the life of the whole,  
 And as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul!"

—Whittier.

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The ground and foundation of all justice is: First, that no injury can be done to any other; and second, that we make it our earnest endeavor to promote the good and interest of all mankind.—*Cicero*.

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Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect, and no aftertime can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—*Sidney Smith*.

## Editorial.

*Dear Young Friends:—*

MERCURY is sad—Do you ask why?—It is because our beloved Theosophical Society has been badly hurt.

Have you ever thought of the fact that this Society stretches around the globe; that it makes no difference between French, English, German, Kanaka or Malay—no difference between creeds—Catholic, Protestant, Spiritualist or Fire-worshipper? All may enter its ranks—because Theosophy belongs to all; it is universal. Its heart is in India—the lotus-heart; its brain and voice in London; its hands and feet in the United States.

Well, hands and feet are crippled now. Many, very many of the workers who made the hands and feet have repudiated heart and brain—they have decided to cut themselves loose from India and England as well as the rest of the world. Perhaps you ask—“Does MERCURY go with them?”

No! MERCURY does not go with them. MERCURY remains faithful to the world-wide T. S.; and MERCURY will do everything possible to preserve the electric chain that connects heart, brain and hands, every nation, every creed, in Theosophic Unity. MERCURY remains true to the memory of our revered Mother H. P. B., and to the Society, her beloved child.

Dear Father Olcott, who gave the children of San Francisco the beautiful banner of which they are so proud—is still MERCURY'S President; (we stay by him till he says “go,”) and every self-sacrificing worker, whether English, American, Persian or Hindu, is a brother. MERCURY'S Journal is not devoted to any person, nor to any party—but to the ideals of Truth, honor, self-sacrifice and love.

Dear young Friends, you will help MERCURY, will you not, in this loyal endeavor? You will help the Lotus Circle to encircle the world and to teach every lisping babe the Theosophical motto “There is no Religion higher than Truth,” and thus MERCURY may “Point out the way—however dimly and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.”

The Children's Corner, and Puzzle Department are crowded out this month, but will be continued again in the May number.



## Cinderella.

The Egyptians worshipped a god, or rather, revered a hero, whom they called Mando-Ra, or Mentu-Ra. He was the same as the Apollo of the Greeks, and was depicted with a disc on his head, and a serpent coiled around it. This disc represented the circular whirlpool of fire contained in the cosmic substance of which the earth is composed. It is the same as the blue chamber, which, as I told you a short time ago, was looked into by Blue-beard's wife against her husband's wish.

Mando-Ra is the same as Blue-beard's wife, and he carries this vessel of fire on his head. The Egyptians also had a goddess, Athor, who carried a vessel of water on her head, and the fire and water are similar and symbolize the means by which the destruction of mankind is brought about, alternately by fire and water. As you probably know, the last great cataclism was the destruction of Atlantis by water; the next will be a burning by fire, probably by a comet colliding with the earth.

The Greeks copied the figure of Mando-Ra, but slightly changed his name into Pando-Ra, or Pandora, and made him into a woman. She, also, carried a vessel which she was forbidden to look into; and when she disobeyed the order and opened the vessel, all the ills from which mankind has suffered flew out, and have tormented us ever since.

The Romans changed the name of Pandora into Santa Ella, and it is from this that we get the name Cinderella. Bluebeard's wife had two brothers; Cinderella had two sisters. These represented the same idea; that is, good Karma and bad Karma. Of course, you know about them, so I will not tell you.

They told Cinderella not to go to the dance, as Bluebeard told his wife not to go to the blue chamber. But Cinderella went, nevertheless, and dropped her pretty glass slipper, which the prince found.

This reminds me of a very old Egyptian story of the beautiful princess Nito-cris, who was bathing in the Nile and laid on a rock her ring, which a hawk took away far up the Nile and dropped at the feet of the King of Thebes, who sent messengers all over the country to find the owner of the ring. When the princess was found, the King of Thebes married her, and the two countries were united and formed a great empire.

You will see a great similarity between the two stories, and when I tell you that the hawk is the symbol of Mando-Ra, you will see that the meaning is the same. For the hawk is thought, which travels with lightning speed and penetrates all mysteries, and it is by the aid of thought that we open the vessel of fire and gain access to the secrets of the universe. The ring of the Egyptian princess is the ring of fire on the head of Mando-Ra with the serpent around it.

Another variation of the story is that of the Greek Phaeton, who tried to drive the chariot of Helios, or Mando-Ra (the Sun), and when the horses started they drew the Sun too near the earth and burnt it up, killing the people ; so Jupiter struck him to the earth with his thunderbolts and killed him. This means a person who pries into the secrets of nature without the proper training—a very dangerous thing to do, and especially so for those who have not a very good Karina.

Cinderella was a very good girl, and only went to the dance because her fairy godmother permitted her. Each one of us has a good fairy godmother, and if we are good boys and girls she will take us into the charmed circle where the powers of nature dance, and then we shall be very happy indeed.

You know about the great circles of stones built by the Druids in Britain. They all symbolize the dance of the giants, or the powers of nature, or the planets wheeling around the Sun. Some of the planets are good, and some evil, in their effects on us ; but they are all good to those who are good to themselves ; but to those who are bad they are very terrible and cruel godmothers, and take them to dances where they are whirled round in endless confusion. But the good are lifted up out of the cares and troubles of the world, and although their lives are hard and laborious, they are happy, because they have the consolation of knowing they are doing their duty, and are on the right path, where all will be well in the end.

*E. Webster.*

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Happy is that man that eats only for hunger, and drinks only for thirst ; that stands upon his legs, and lives by reason, not by example.—*Seneca.*

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“There are limits to charity. All men must not be treated alike. To sprinkle a skunk with cologne is misplaced benevolence.”

## Arthur Morgan's Dream.

The numerous family of Arthur Morgan used often to comment, sometimes smilingly, sometimes gravely, on that young gentleman's want of discrimination in choosing his associates. Arthur was about five years of age.

In the first place, he had no sooner been drilled by his mamma into saying "Yes sir" and "Yes ma'am" to the grown folks, than he began to use the phrase in his frequent conversations with the butcher, grocer, gardener, ash-man, cook and chambermaid. His good mother smiled at this, taking it as an indication of her little son's naturally polite disposition; yet this was hardly the reason, for Arthur, a little later, showed an inclination to speak his mind in a way that often shocked his parents and brought upon him frequent rebuke.

In the next place, the little lad utterly ignored in others matters of clothing, cleanliness, comeliness and the many other little matters that go to make up the differences in personal appearance. This also was queer, because children are usually keen observers, and act according to their impressions. And Arthur made mud pies with all comers, especially with the boisterous, half-clad Irish children that lived in the hovel on the hill. He would romp with them on terms of the most perfect equality, as often as allowed thither by his nurse. Not that he showed any aversion to less humble playfellows—Arthur would play with them all, and merrily, too. He was impartiality itself, and I verily believe cared quite as much for the skinny, mangy dog that for some weeks used to steal into the garden and sneak into a sunny corner next to the laundry wall, as he did for the sleek pets of the household.

This was all very strange and lamentable to the good Morgan people, who happened to be rich and a trifle proud. "I'm afraid little Arthur has been born with vulgar tastes," they used to say, "There is certainly something lacking in the boy."

Sadly enough for his relatives, he grew up no better. He could not or would not distinguish between people, except indeed as they struck him as being bad or good. He had a rather keen perception of rectitude, though his companions say he was as mischief-loving and fond of having his own way as most youngsters of the male kind. A liar, a hypocrite, a selfish or

heartless person might expect no flattery from Arthur Morgan. He had a faculty for telling them, in the most good natured way, what he thought about them; and he took it hard that he was often bitterly punished for his frankness. Why *did* people object to his saying what he thought? Why should his parents, and his elder brothers and sisters scold him for it? Why should he not say to Tom Peterson, for example, that he had told a whopper, and what did he tell it for? He liked Tom just the same, though he hated the lies he told. He liked Tom because he liked everyone. There was just that much milk and water about Arthur, those relatives used to say. He had no pride, no self respect, no proper resentment. It was very, very sad to them.

Did you ever hear of so queer a boy?

One day Arthur accidentally overheard his grown cousin remark to one of his teachers that he believed if his cousin Arthur Morgan were sent to the Fejee Islands he would cheerfully pass the remainder of his life in the companionship of the naked savages. This remark, together with the fact that he had been twitted of late for his familiarity with the janitor of the school building, set the boy to thinking again. It troubled him. It got into his work; and chin-whiskered janitors, dressed, or rather undressed, as Fejee cannibals, brandishing mops for war-clubs, danced over the pages of his Cæsar, and on the moon-lit walls of his room when he got into bed. When he fell asleep he dreamed a dream that lasted him a life time. It was one of those dreams that you do not forget as soon as you awake, but that abide with you and haunt your waking hours for many, many days, until the busy world chases them away, and they retire like phantoms to an unused corner of the mind.

Possibly his supper had not agreed with him, who shall say? At all events he had to go through with it until morning broke the spell. He dreamt he was an eye, placed somewhere afar away in the blue vault of the Heavens—a single piercing eye, that looked over the world and into the heads and hearts of men and animals and things. Wonderful, magical Dreamland! Everything could be read through, as though it were crystal. Even the mountains and seas were open books to this all-perceiving eye that the dreamer seemed to be.

But there were no mountains and seas at first. There was only

a fine, fluid-like dust or vapor everywhere, for millions of miles, that seemed to know itself and to change. It stirred, and stirred, and out of it a world seemed to gather itself together. Under the eye there was next unfolded a mighty drama. As the world grew to look solid and have land and sea, the life of it seemed to take separate form and become shadowy creatures that moved in myriad waves through and over it, until it seemed to the eye that there was nothing after all but life. But time was on a holiday and the greatest changes took place in rapid succession. The eye noted well these myriad shadowy forms that came and went. "They are all of the same material," thought the eye. Soon they began to differ and to look less like phantoms. Some became stationary and turned to grass and flowers and trees. Hundreds of millions they were, and yet, only "some" by comparison with the vast "all" of life that the eye saw. Some became creatures in water and on land. There were animals and men, but unlike any the eye had ever known. Yet the phantoms that became men and animals were as a handful to those that were but shadows in the vast kaleidoscope of Nature that was unfolded to the eye.

Then history was born. Plants and animals and men grew and flourished and perished and grew again and flourished and perished. What endless varieties, what ceaseless changes and differences in all endowed with life. The masses of human beings died, and new millions, like the old, yet a little different, sprang up and repeopled the world, as the ages rolled their swift and magic course. And the new, like the old, struggled and fought and laughed and loved and cried and died.

"What does it all mean," vaguely thought the eye which was chained to the vast panorama spread out beneath it. Then the eye seemed to come nearer, and saw a billion human souls set deep in their bodies. How like they were too. Time moved on in great strides, a mist hiding the drama for a space. Again the eye saw the billion human souls. They were beginning to glow. All that moved and lived had a something that glowed. Mists succeeded mists, and between them, in the flight of inconceivably many ages, the eye caught glimpses of those billion souls that were gradually being lit with a beautiful radiance.

The dreamer moved, the vision changed. He was an eye no longer. Those billion tiny specks of men were all himself. He was a great world of busy, active people—a queer sensation. He loved and hated himself; lived, struggled, spurned, caressed,



fought, cheated, prayed for, lied to, blessed and cursed those billions of human creatures, which were himself. Marvelous comedy of a dream ! He lived a thousand years of history in a little part of a moment of his slumber.

Centuries flew on, and he was still those billions—sleeping, part of them, then waking to fight and love, and then to sleep once more.

Anon he was again that great, discerning eye ; and looking away off from the world of people, he saw afar, in the immeasurable vistas of space, a wondrous sight. It was an illumination of such passing splendor and purity that it made the tears start in the eye. Yet through them it saw what it had failed to see before. Through the countless eons and eons of time, the vapors and worlds and billions upon billions of creatures and human beings had been tossing, surging forward, forward, ever toward it, ever nearer. " It has a purpose then, a goal ! " thought the eye. The supernal splendor shone right into the eye, setting the spirit of the dreamer in a quiver of exaltation and ecstasy, and Arthur awoke with a start, to find, in fact, that the sun had crept to the window and darted a bright beam upon his face.

He was greatly relieved to find himself neither an eye nor a billion of people—rather incongruous transformations, indeed, but dreams were ever fantastical and absurd.

Arthur was thoughtful for many days. His dream was ever before him. The boys and girls, the relatives and friends, the Irish hovel-dwellers, the mangy dogs and old, tired horses, and all that lived and moved about him, seemed in truth, but part of that sublime, moving panorama of life, that, as a great eye, he had looked down upon from the height of the heavens. Yes, and somehow, he could not forget how they had all seemed himself.

As Arthur's independence increased with his years, he cared less and less for the character that he bore among those who knew him. His life was the life of those men and women who live and work that you and I and those we love may be better and happier. For not all his dream departed from him. In after years of tribulation, when some debated matter of the day or month seemed fraught with unfortunate consequence, there rose in his memory the vision of that infinity of space, that eternity of fast flying ages, and that supreme glory of light that lay beyond it all—its goal.

What if it was only a schoolboy's dream, if it helped to make him strong—a man among men.

*Morello.*

## Wise Sayings.

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,  
Thy churches and thy charity;  
And leave thy peacock wit behind;  
Enough for thee the primal mind  
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind. —*Emerson.*

Not by birth does one become low-caste, by his deeds a Brahman. —*Vasala-sutta.*

For the work of a man shall he render unto him, and cause every man to find according to his ways.—*Book of Job. Chap. 34. Verse 11.*

Move forward the wheel, O thou whose sight is infinite! Rarely art thou met in the course of many thousands of Æons. Display the benevolence thou hast observed in so many former generations; open the path of immortality.—*Saddharma-Pundirika.*

That Self is indeed Brahman, consisting of knowledge, mind, life, sight hearing, earth, water, wind, ether, light and no light, desire and no desire, anger and no anger, right and wrong, and all things. —*Brihadaranyaka Upanishad.*

Let us then practice good works, and inspect our thoughts that we do no evil. —*Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king, 1642.*

If you urge that I am young and tender, and that the time for seeking wisdom is not yet, then you should know that to seek true religion, there never is a time not fit.

—*Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king, 439-440.*

There is one director: there is no second. I speak concerning him who abides in the heart. This being, the director, dwells in the heart and directs all creatures. Impelled by that same being, I move as I am ordered, like water on a declivity. There is one instructor; there is no second different from him, and I speak concerning him who abides in the heart. —*Anugita.*

Therefore we would humble ourselves and repent of our sins. Oh! that we may have strength to do so aright.

—*Liturgy of Kwan-yin.*

Sages do not grieve for the living nor the dead. Never did I not exist, nor you, nor these rulers of men; nor will any one of us ever hereafter cease to be. —*Bhagavad Gita.*